Cancer! Of Course! Cancer!

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Cancer! Of Course! Cancer!

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Hannibal and Will survive the fall but Hannibal gets some worse news

Notes

So I wrote this back in 2018 and totally forgot about it and made myself cry while rereading it before posting it here

"Mr...-"

"Grey, Alexander Grey," Will whispered. The Doctor nodded, "Mr. Grey, your...-"

"Husband. Dr. Lucian Grey," Will whispered again. The Doctor nodded again, "Right. When we took Lucian in for scans we found cancer. It was in his lungs and it's metastasized to his brain. He has 6 months. If he's lucky."

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They soared through the air two monsters gripping each other as tight as they could. The water was like icy knives shoving through the skin and gripping their bones like claws. Will surfaced and found Hannibal a few feet away coughing and sputtering as he tried to stay above water.

Will swam to him and pulled him to shore. Hannibal gasped as he crawled onto the warm sand. Will pull him up on to the cliff's base, "Hannibal? Hannibal! Come one you got to stay with me, Hannibal. Come on!"

Hannibal passed out and Will curled up against his chest sighing at the slow but steady thump of his heart. He fell asleep weak and exhausted.

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"Mr. Grey?"

"Yes?" Will said. The doctor smiled a little, "Would you like to see him?"

"Please," The broken please came with no hesitation. Two nurses came and helped him into a wheelchair. The doctor pushed him into a single room the walls a standard white a small dresser with an old dial radio on it with a cassette player on the front a TV was mounted on the wall and in the middle of it, all lay Hannibal Lecter. A tube in his mouth, an IV stuck in his hand, other wires attached to his chest in various places, bandages everywhere; chest, head, arm, calf. It was heartbreaking.

"Would you like to stay with him?" The doctor asked softly. Will nodded wordlessly. It didn't take long for another bed to be brought in and Will situated with his IV's and a monitor. The same two nurses helped him into his bed and smiled softly when Will cradled Hannibal's hand in his own.

The great Chesapeake Ripper was going to die from something as pathetic as cancer.

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The first 24 hours were the hardest they told him. Will counted each beep of Hannibal's monitor like his life depended on knowing just how fast the older man's heart pumped blood. Then it happened.

Hannibal's heart began to beat a little faster. Then, a finger twitched. Next thing Will knew Hannibal was coughing trying to pull the tube out of his throat. Will pressed the call button and leaned over Hannibal the best he could, "Hey, it's okay calm down! The nurse is gonna remove the tube just calm down."

One of their nurses came in and pulled the tube out and helped Hannibal sit up while he coughed. The nurse- Audry- smiled, "Welcome back Lucian."

Will was so happy he started tearing up. Hannibal squeezed his hand hard as he coughed up more gunk. Will rubbed his knuckles gingerly. The nurse left after she got Hannibal a drink suggesting they both get some rest. Hannibal groaned quietly, "What are our names?"

"You are Lucian Grey and I am Alexander Gray, happily married for 5 years." Will said then heaved a shaky breath afraid of what he had to tell him next, "Hannibal, they found cancer. It started in your lungs and now it's in your brain too. They gave you six months."

Hannibal didn't reply verbally just pulled Will close. They didn't know what to do. So they just held each other because they could and they didn't know what else to do.

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A month later,

Will ran a hand through Hannibal's hair and chunks came out. Will sighed, "I think it's time to shave your head."

"Why?" Hannibal said. Will showed him the clump of hair it was about the 20th chunk that week. Hannibal sighed and nodded, "Yes. I suppose it is."

"I'll get the razor," Will kisses his temple. Hannibal grabbed his IV stand and follow Will to the bathroom area. Will set a chair in front of the mirror and bowed, "Your seat, sir."

"Why thank you, young man," Hannibal inclined his head. Will helped him sit in the chair, "All the way to the skin?"

"Whatever your heart desires, my dear," Hannibal said. Will made his thinking face. Then he turned on the razor with the shorted guard on it. Will shaved it all off then ran his hair through the fuzzy hair the shook his head and removed the guard. He did the sides and slowly shortened the top till he decided it was perfect. Will smiled, "Done."

Hannibal rubbed his head and frowned. Will kissed the top of his head, "We'll get you a fancy beany hat."

"Those are quite an ugly thing Will," Hannibal raised an eyebrow at him. Will laughed "True, true, what about a Paisley bandana and maybe a plaid one too?"

"That would be preferable," Hannibal smiled and coughed a bit. Will rubbed his bad as he bent over trying not to hack up a lung. Hannibal groaned, "I think I need to lay back down."

"Okay, let me wipe the rest of this hair off you," Will said softly. The brunet took a damp cloth and wiped his love's face and neck. Hannibal smiled at the look of deep concentration on Will's face. The younger man threw the cloth in the sink, scooped Hannibal up bridal style, and carried him to his bed.

The nurse on duty makes a soft 'aww' as she came in to check on Hannibal. Will blushed as he tucked Hannibal in, straightened out the tubes, and put the cannula back in his nose. Hannibal smiled, "Isn't Alex the greatest man a man like me could ever have?"

"Oh most definitely Lucian," The nurse smiled as she swapped IV bags, "You shaved your hair!?"

"Sadly more was falling out than growing back in so, my dear, Alex shaved it for me," Hannibal said. The nurse patted his hand gently, "Your still the most handsome patient I have."

"Thank you, Beatrice," Hannibal chuckled. The nurse laughed, "Anytime, deary. See you in a couple of days."

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"Hannibal?" Will mumbled half asleep. He rubbed at his eyes till the blurriness disappeared. Hannibal pulled Will's shirt upward so he could hide in it. All Will got in response was, "Cold."

"Then why are you under my shirt and not under more blankets?" Will grinned. Hannibal made an exasperated noise, "Because you smell like home this hospital smells like alcohol wipes."

"Okay," Will covered them both in a knitted blanket and went back to sleep. The next time he awoke Hannibal was cold like ice. Will checked for a pulse and got nothing. Tears slipped down his face without a sound Will just held his body close and waited for the nurse's rounds. He had made it exactly 7 months. It was exactly like him to beat the odds be at least a little.

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